



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

Exhibition in 1878. He was one of the founders and chief exhibitors of the Société d'Aquarellistes.

Louis Leloir both as an oil painter and as an aquarelliste was an artist of exquisite and elegant talent. However great may be our admiration for the old Dutch masters, we must, I think, admit that many of the modern French painters have equalled and even surpassed them, and among these masters I would rank Louis Leloir. Such and such a one of his pictures, "La Tentation," "La Sérénade," "La Fête du Grand-père" are as fine as the paintings of Metzinger or Terburg, and the French master puts into his familiar and anecdotic subjects a dash of sprightly wit that does no harm when it is brought in discreetly. Happy nowadays are the genre painters! They are fêted, praised, made rich, live in palaces and have all satisfaction, while the artists who are simple enough still to attach any importance to the expression of thoughts that require the style of a Chenavard, an Ingres, a Puvis de Chavannes or a Baudry, make their way obscurely and painfully, and arrive late at success, if they arrive at all.

In water-color painting Louis Leloir achieved a finish and brilliancy hitherto unequalled. His palette, like that of Gustave Moreau, was a veritable jewel casket, and his colors molten topaz, ruby and sapphire; but his most dazzling yellows, his pure reds, his blues, such as the ancient chemists could not make, his deep greens, were broken and faded when needful, so that his coloring was at once violent and harmonious, like the coloring of Chinese and Japanese porcelain. Furthermore, in spite of the brilliancy of the silks, satins, carpets and other accessories of his pictures, the faces of his subjects were never sacrificed; the expression was always there, and the eye was at once captivated by its grace and charm. Charles Blanc, speaking of Leloir's water-colors at the Exhibition of 1878, said with admiration and astonishment: "Voilà un peintre qui a reculé les bornes de son art!" "Here is a painter who has enlarged the domain of his art!"

Leloir of late years devoted much of his grace and delicate imagination to the service of one of the loveliest ornaments of woman, the fan, and the day is not far distant when Leloir's fans will be sought for as eagerly and prized as highly as those of Watteau. As an illustrator, too, he has left a splendid monument of his talent in the series of drawings etched by Flameng for Jonaus's edition of Molière. And this year, if his health had permitted, he would have given the publisher Conquet twelve drawings and an original etching to illustrate "Mademoiselle de Maupin," a series for which he was to receive \$5000. He had also in progress at the time of his death a series of drawings to illustrate an edition of Musset, and a unique copy of Scarron's "Roman Comique," the pages and margins of which he was covering with water-colors, drawings, vignettes and letters, with a view to engraving the whole one day in eau-forte. "Etching," he wrote to a friend last August, "tempts me very much. I am making some essays, and I hope soon to be able to show you something." E. V.

GEORGE FULLER.

THE flavor of Hawthorne's New England, which saturates George Fuller's work, is due to more than the choice of names from Hawthorne's legends for his ideal figures. It was no calculating purpose to select popular subjects for his pictures that drew him to the sad shadows of our earlier colonial history, with their fascinating mystery of remoteness, their pathos and horror, their sublime examples of dedication and sacrifice to a stern and awful fanaticism of righteousness. Fuller's development was reached as naturally as Hawthorne's, proceeding from the same germs and stock, and nurtured by the same environment and by a singularly similar experience. Like Hawthorne, he labored silently and in obscurity for the best part of his life, for thirty years or so, before his genius or his purpose even was recognized and appreciated as it deserved. Like Hawthorne he was

appeared—building an immortality. Fuller indeed had made an essay at the artist's life in the capitals and centres of art—in Albany and Boston and New York—and had won to a certain ordinary and commonplace degree of excellence in the practice of his art. But it was not until he said, like Emerson, "Good-by, proud world, I'm going home," and turned his back on the cities with their clubs and circles of artists and conventionalities of aim and study, and gone to live his own life upon his father's farm at Deerfield, where he must think his own thought, for very lack of any other, upon art in that neighborhood, and brood over his own ideals, that he began to evolve the distinct and unique genius that was to be in painting what Hawthorne is in literature—another characteristic efflorescence of the æsthetic nature which lay under Puritanism like the arbutus under snow, and which the hard, unfavorable conditions of New England only disciplined to a thrice-refined purity. The

rather patronizing regret which some of the New York academicians have expressed since his death that he did not stay with them after his success with his portrait of his first teacher, H. K. Brown, the sculptor of Albany, which secured him, at the age of thirty-five (1857), the associate membership and rise to the doubtful dignity of full membership, is quite beside the mark. His disheartened departure from New York was, as we see it now, an escape, a rescue. Not that it could not be wished that he had attained a more perfect mastery of technique in his youth (though his landscapes of that period, not a bit like his later work, albeit solid in values and soberly true in color are only too finished in handling), but he could hardly have maintained or developed in the companionships of city artist-life the rare and delicate individuality of sentiment which is now his precious contribution to American art. No doubt the influence of the Allston cult, brought to bear on him while he was studying drawing and painting in Boston, was in the direction to profit his higher artistic nature; and his eight months in Europe must have had an inestimable influence in elevating and broadening his views. But,

after all, the aroma of his "Winifred Dysart," of his "Gathering Simples," of "And She was a Witch," the exquisite "note" by which a Fuller is hereafter to be known as a Fuller and will not be confounded with anything else, was drawn, like the aroma of a good wine, from the soil, from his native New England, from the history, the people, the morals, the inherited character of Massachusetts. It is not a rich soil, and not the juiciest geniality of character springs upon it; but there is something of quality that is distinct and imperishable of flavor. George Fuller himself had no sort of consciousness or pride in such matters, and would have been the last to set himself up as a representative man in any way. Nothing could be more painful to those who knew than to hear his peculiar method of painting ascribed to affectation or to an assertive mannerism. He simply lived his own life out in the most straightforward fashion, as was necessary to a genuine and modest manliness. C.



THE LATE LOUIS LELOIR. CRAYON PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

fated, fortunately after all, to be fixed by a small patrimony amid rural surroundings redolent of New England history. With a heart burning for high artistic achievement, he was forbidden by circumstances, as much as by the unconquerable shyness of his nature, to engage in the struggle for notoriety in the great centres which set the stamp of success on the world's favorites. Thus forced back upon the pure and grand associations of nature and upon his own thought and feeling, he distilled from a delicate natural sentiment the fit nutriment for an exalted artistic growth. Hawthorne's extraordinary shyness performed the same good office for him. While his contemporaries were winning a certain fame in the noisy, passing popular apprehension of the day, Hawthorne, feeding on his own heart in his little house in a side-street in Salem or in his more retired country home, remote even from such centres as Salem, was—not without bitterness, however, at his lot as it then